

CONTACTS

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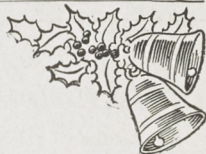
VOL. 1

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Point of View



"Somehow, I remember to punch out. I am in the jammed elevator. I am on the street. I am putting my latch-key into the lock. I am in my bath. I am freshly dressed. I meet friends. And then, what do I think?

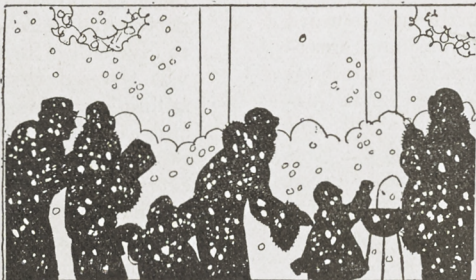
"I think I am happy in having a job that gives me a front-row seat at the fascinating drama of real life. After all, I am out-front. Every customer is the chief character in one of life's little true stories. And I can take a hand in the plot. Perhaps even make a dream now and then come true. For people do not buy evening gowns to sit around the radiator and mope in. My job is alive. It is close to Romance."

Those paragraphs are quoted from the magazine "Vogue"—part of an article by an employee of one of New York's big stores. But they might have been written right here in Eaton's. And, particularly at this busy season, the last sentences apply to far more than the dress department.

There's romance and drama everywhere! We are helping dreams come true each day. . . in toys sold to make children happy. . . in hampers to cheer

bare tables. . . in frocks for parties. . in warm clothing destined for those who need it badly. . . in gifts youngsters buy with treasured pennies. . . in the lovingly planned Christmas surprises we learn of all the time. . . in the Mail Order's inrush of letters and outrush of parcels. Sometimes we encounter tragedy that makes our own troubles seem less important. . . often we meet comedy to help us forget them.

During Store hours we have no time to think of human interest or look for it. If we are to play our part properly in these "little true stories," all our attention must focus on the sales we make, parcels we wrap and deliver, merchandise we handle. But the interest is there, and, after we have punched out and gone home, we can look back on it. Then, if we think not of worries and weariness, but the rich flow of life around us, the joys in which we have a share, our jobs will rise from dead mechanical level to something pulsing, alive. And we will reflect that keen, happy attitude in the way we tackle our responsibilities, in our bright outlook and cheerful, interested service.





'CROSS SECTIONS

Lady Eaton Visits Us

November 15th was a bright spot on the Store's calendar, for on that day Lady Eaton arrived in Winnipeg, east-bound after a flying trip through the West with her cousin, Miss Margaret Fisher, of Ireland.

Mr. Tucker, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Forster, Mr. Hopps, Mr. Pickard and Mr. John David Eaton met them at the station, and they forthwith plunged into a busy round of business, entertainment and sightseeing, including, during their stay, shopping in many departments, breakfast in the Grill, and a visit to Miss Middleton's Cooking School. We hear they also enjoyed some of the results of John David's recent shooting expeditions.

The climate, unfortunately, did its worst throughout their visit, but enabled us to give Miss Fisher the old-time thrill of a cutter ride, tucked in buffalo robes, behind a pair of our fast-stepping horses.

On November 17th, they continued on their way to Toronto, and those who waved farewell from the platform sent the wishes of us all—a pleasant journey, and, in the not-too-distant future, a return.

A Record is Made

At five-thirty of a recent evening, the Radio Department suddenly filled with girls from other departments, causing sundry musical gentlemen to linger around instead of going home in their usual hurry. The big Victor

machine in the Sheet Music Section proved the centre of attraction, and presently Mr. Card put it in action.

Silence. Then, clear as a bell, two familiar voices were heard, one playing the role of customer and one that of telephone operator and salesperson in classic examples of telephone selling as it should be carried on. The conversations flowed smoothly, and bore home the importance of knowing a department's merchandise and being able to give full information about it. Tact was stressed throughout—suggestive selling—responsibility—helpfulness, and each of the five brief talks contained many ideas directly applicable to everyday salesmanship.

That record, Mr. Card says, is the third of its kind. Mr. Scrivener, viewing our Speak-o-Phone (248's jigger for making permanent records of baby's first recitation, or sending vocal Christmas greetings), once opined that it might prove useful in sales talks for employees. Mr. Card thought the hint over, and sent for Miss Senior of the Switchboard. She promptly became enthusiastic, started planning skits, wrote them (with much valuable assistance from Mr. Boorman), and recorded them, with Mrs. Brown of 212's switchboard as customer.

All the records have been successful and tremendously interesting to Eatonians who do telephone selling of any kind. The dialogue is skilfully worked out, well acted, and the thing to make us proudest of all is the fact that this smart store educational development is Eaton's very own!

Mr. Punch's Christmas Carol, 1846

Here comes Christmas, ancient, jolly,
Crown'd with mistletoe and holly.
Oh! the pleasure, oh! the treat,
To behold the joints of meat—
With a concourse whilst we stop,
Gazing at each butcher's shop—
And the turkey-laden coaches,
Thickly thronging town's approaches;
But a crowd, too numerous,
Answers, "What is that to us?"

In each grocer's window, see
What a heap of spicery!
Citron, cloves, and cinnamon—
What a sight to look upon!
Candied orange-peel, and plums,
Nutmegs, raisins, figs in drums;
What delicious visions rise
Of plum-puddings and mince-pies!
Ah! but thousands answer thus—
"Well-a-day! What's that to us?"

Some, alas! there are, to whom
Christmas brings but cold and gloom,
No warm fire, and no good cheer,
Though it comes but once a year;
Gentlefolks, suppose we try
If we cannot change their cry
And provide them with a reason
Thus to hail the jovial season:
"Christmas—though necessitous—
Thou art something still to us!"

(The foregoing verses were published anonymously in the English magazine, "Punch," 86 years ago. Nearly a century old! And today their sentiment is fresh as ever.)

Some Trade Names

Life, what with this and that, is growing more and more complicated. Every day shows us a new and efficient article, it seems—and most of them have names that invite investigation.

The Great Emancipator, for instance, may be Abraham Lincoln to some people, but it's just a square dishpan down in 223. In the same department we found *Dic-a-doo* (we thought it was a song), which proved to be a paint cleaner; *Swish*, a household cleanser, and *Nosey Parker*, which is a brush for gas stoves.

Black Cherry is not a flavor, but a shade for stockings. *Tarantulle* isn't tulle at all, but a very fine cotton weave. A *Gad-a-bout* is a handbag; *Hawk-Eye* a camera. *Meltonian Cream* is used on shoes, not complexions; *Gay-tees* are a species of galosh; *Quink* and *Skrip* are specialized inks; *Trims*, *Steps*, *Nips*, *Wiff* and *Pouff* are foundation garments; and *Mickey Ear*, by all that's great and noble, is a *hat*!

Spiking Her Guns

It was a busy day—and out of the rushing sea of customers, a frantic woman hailed one of our respected floorwalkers.

"My child! My child," she cried—
"My little boy—he's lost!"

Detectives joined the search—stairs were scanned, elevators and escalators examined—all the standard places for lost babies thoroughly investigated. Time passed, and the weary search party paused to mop their brows. Just then a small figure rounded the end of a counter. He pushed his chubby fists deep in diminutive pockets, halted in front of the semi-hysterical lady.

"Well, I've been looking all over for you," he announced reproachfully.
"Where've you been?"

Our cameraman was fortunate in catching this view of Eatonians in the Great Open Spaces. Left to right, we have Mr. French (who, unsatisfied with the numerous ducks he has shot already, tries with an apple, to lure the birdie from the camera), Mr. Dailley, Mr. Mitten and Mr. Darnell.



Calgary Speaks

It wouldn't have occurred to us, personally, to look for a travel story in one of Eaton's House Message envelopes, but Mr. A. L. Osborne of Calgary's Merchandise Office knew better. In fact, he sent us an envelope that is a story in itself.

In appearance it is undistinguished—just one of those printed brown paper ones familiar to most Eatonians. Two convenient holes have been punched through its middle, presumably to save holding it up to the light to see if anything is inside. Across the top it reads: *House Message Envelope. Write Distinctly. Use One Line Only.* And those lines, distinctly written, have taken it long distances across Canada.

It was a brand new envelope when somebody wrote a note to Mr. R. Smith, Typewriter Repair. Then he sent a message to Mr. Hutton, 105, who, in due course, communicated with Mr. Hull of 238. Mr. Hull sent the envelope up to Mr. Brown, General Office, and then (this looks like trouble) it galloped back to Dept. 202.

Next, it came into the hands of Mr. Young, Western Buying, was taken to Mr. Byrd, 171, whence, bored with the whole business, it left for Edmonton, addressed to Mr. J. York. Mr. York inhospitably shipped it back to Mr. W. M. Punshon, Winnipeg; but Mr. Punshon, sympathizing with its love of travel, despatched the envelope to Calgary.

Thence, it returned to Dept. 1247—revisited the General Office, went to Dept. 233, back to Mr. Walsh, General Office, and then away on another journey—this time to Saskatoon. From that point our envelope voyaged east on its way to Mr. W. E. H. Brooks of Port Arthur. He sent it to Mr. R. E. Irwin of Brandon, and then it tried its luck with Mr. York in Edmonton again. Gently but firmly he sent it back to Winnipeg with a message to Mr. W. J. Walsh, and still the envelope passed from hand to hand. It encountered Mr. B. W. Bennett in Red Deer, Alberta; Mr. McCordick in Calgary—

also Mr. Mitchell, and finally our correspondent, Mr. Osborne. He scratched out his name, addressed the envelope to Mr. Southby, 548, but decided to send it to *Contacts* instead.

There is no way of telling how long the envelope has been in service, but it still is in splendid condition, and, fulfilling its role of House Messenger, has travelled many hundreds of miles—mute witness to our far-reaching, close-knit organization.

At the bottom, four lines remain empty. We are tempted to write to Toronto, Montreal, Moncton or Halifax—just to give the thing a proper finish.

A Good Investment

Look what we found in the Winnipeg Tribune for November 7th, 1932:

HOPE CHEST WON BY MAN

A man in Winnipeg has won a bride's hope chest! He attended a bazaar held at the Marlborough Hotel on Friday in aid of the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children. Among the many artful aids for extracting money from patrons' pockets was a lucky draw on a hope chest, valued at \$150. And a man won it, with its green taffeta bedspread, lady's green moire dressing gown, and daintily embroidered guest towels.

He is John C. Manson, of 584 Balmoral St., and he has a very good use for his bride's chest. John has a wife who was overjoyed when she heard of her husband's good luck. Now John just must "shell out" and pay for their room to be redecorated in harmonizing tones.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is Mr. Manson of 268, who was playing in the orchestra at the bazaar when Bob McDonald of the same department, came along and made him buy a ticket for sweet charity. Half an hour later the draw took place, and Bob is still wondering why he didn't take that ticket (number 1216, it was) himself. One hundred and fifty dollars' value for twenty-five cents is unusual, to say the least, and the chest's contents, the winner says, were very fine—all things to wear or things for the house. Nothing actually for Mr. Manson himself, but he's tremendously pleased with the whole affair.

Quotation . . .

"Nothing will sustain you more potently than the power to recognize in your humdrum routine, as perhaps it may be thought, the true poetry of life—the poetry of the commonplace, of the ordinary man, of the plain, toil-worn woman, with their loves and their joys, their sorrows and their griefs. The comedy, too, of life will be spread before you. . . ."

So wrote that great physician, Sir William Osler, in his essay on "The Student Life." He referred to doctors in that paragraph, but it seems to bear out our own observations in "Point of View." It is true of anyone who meets the public in everyday life. We wonder if the author of Vogue's article has read it.

Some Slight Mistakes

When the last *Contacts* emerged from our toiling typewriter, we felt that numerous shouts of "Hey! This is wrong!" were bound to be forthcoming. Mr. Maley hailed us first, but was very nice about it. He says that beeswax and fish food, mentioned in the Questionnaire on page four, and quoted as being obtainable in the Notions and the China Departments respectively, are also to be found in the Drugs. The really surprising thing in his department, he thinks, is carpenters' glue—the kind that comes in sheets.

Then we wandered over to 212, where the bright lady who writes "What Shall I Read?" greeted us with blanched features and wringing hands.

"Did you see the awful mistake I made in *Valiant Dust*?" she moaned—"I don't know how it happened. . . . but I said the author was Christopher Wren instead of P. C. Wren."

"There, there," we ignorantly soothed. "Perhaps the C. stands for Christopher."

"That wouldn't make any difference," she said. "Christopher Wren was a much more important man. Don't you remember—he designed St. Paul's in London—and he's been dead for ever so long!"

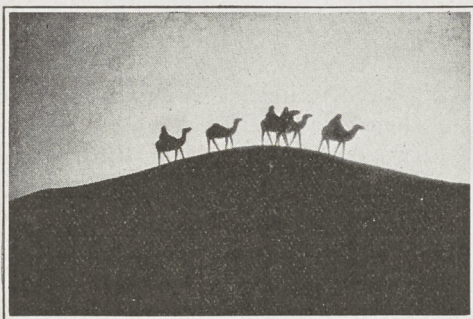
Eaton's Entertains . . .

There was a lovely party in the Employees' Cafeteria recently, when two hundred and fifteen youngsters were guests of the Store. Marshalled by kind matrons and sweet-faced Sisters, they trooped up the stair, pink-cheeked from watching the Santa Claus parade; and as soon as woollies were divested, came the Food. Such food, too! Mounds and mounds of sandwiches; cake, cocoa, and jelly with *ice cream*. They were very polite, and one table left all its goodies untouched till everybody at it was served. When each little tummy was completely crammed, bus drivers appeared, woollies were replaced, and away went our guests—presented with an apple and a bag of peanuts apiece by Mr. Sandbrooke and Mr. Johnny Laing of 229.

This, we learned, is an annual affair. Every Santa Claus parade day the Store sends big yellow buses to various institutions, who fill 'em up with youngsters. They watch the excitement (corner of Victor and Portage), are brought to the Store, given refreshments, and sent home in the same conveyances.

It's a big moment for those children, but this year saw only one case of tears from over-excitement. There was a perfect score in the matter of home-going, Mr. Laing says—no lost toques, no lost mitts and no lost orphans.





SHIPS OF THE DESERT. Looks like Algeria, doesn't it? But the picture was taken in moisty, misty November, right here in Winnipeg. The camels and desert are cardboard cut-outs, the dawn behind them an humble electric light, the whole works arranged on a table. Doris Newton of 101 can give more information on how they are made. It sounds like a brand new kind of camera hobby—and an extremely interesting one.

Christmas Day in the East

Egypt, 1914—Memories both grave and gay—for most of us our first Christmas day away from home. Outwardly, just another day—the same cloudless blue sky, the same molten sun, giving promise of the same intense heat. Yet a strange undercurrent of excitement is noticeable as “The Army of Occupation” sleepily responds to the brazen sounds of reveille, mingled with the dialect tones of the sergeant-major to “show a leg”—and “Merry Christmas, boys!”

A rough Lancashire lad gives expression to the thoughts of most of us with his question—“Aah wunder what th’ owd folks a’ wom are doing to-day?”

The mud houses, the natives, the palm trees formed a Christmas setting that did not appear very different from our Sunday School conception of Bethlehem.

The “Cookhouse Door”—roast beef and Christmas pudding—the colonel with his, “Merry Christmas, men,” and “His Majesty—The King!”

Parcels from fond parents, sweethearts, wives, marked “Not to be touched till Christmas” are opened. Shrieks of merriment as someone produces from his parcel, not candy or cigarettes as anticipated, but a heavily knit sweater—with the thermometer around 120 degrees.

A married man sits quietly on his cot as he reads again and again a letter written in childish copperplate.

The newly formed battalion concert party makes its debut presenting a so-called humorous programme, with the audience laughing in the wrong places.

A tramping of feet and curious eyes turn toward the parade ground, where, in the middle of his escort, marches a fine looking man—a German baron—under sentence of death. A spy, but a sportsman, who never whimpered, and whose last words were to thank his escort for their courtesy and consideration. Boys—a toast to a brave man, and “*Froliche Weihnachten.*”

Other curious eyes watch our Christmas celebrations—Johnny Turk behind his wire enclosure, captured after his failure to cross the Suez Canal. What’s “Merry Christmas” in Turkish, boys? Hey, Johnny! Have a cig?

So to bed. A Merry Christmas to all, and, as Tiny Tim would put it, “God bless ’em, every one.”

—T. H. Hancock, 202.



A winsome child I used to know,
Believed in Santa, long ago,
Until she heard him stub his toe,
While filling up her stocking.

And does it not seem quite absurd,
That Santa Claus would use a word
Which, from a small child, later heard,
Should be described as shocking?



Helping the Extra Help



The Store is a busy place during the Christmas season. There are new people in each department—people who are on our staff perhaps for only a short while, perhaps from day to day. And on top of all the other duties of our regular staff falls the task of looking after and helping these extra people. Their first training is given in the Educational Office, but that training must be carried on by the departments to which they are assigned.

It is the sales staff who make or unmake a reputation for service and courtesy, and that includes extra help as well as those regularly employed. Regular people can be left to carry on, but it is unfair to ask new ones to go to any department or section without first explaining a few fundamentals of how it is run.

It also would not be fair, either to the department or the extra people, to give them a book and tell them to get busy without first showing them what to do. The extra time given to showing (not *telling*, but actually *showing*) what to do will, in the end, be time well spent. It also will go a long way toward preventing the complaints and exchanges inexperienced people always have; it will help speed up service, and a customer will go home feeling she has received excellent service instead of

having a doubt in her mind that perhaps she should return the purchase as the "girl wasn't very sure of her stock."

Whoever is assigned to help new people, whether the assistant, the section head or one of the more experienced sales staff, should remember to mention such things as these—to tell extra people you want to help them as much as you can and that you want them to feel free to come to you with any question they may have. Show them where to put their personal things, and the best place to keep a salesbook—so often there is a mad scramble for the latter, which looks bad and irritates the customer. Show them where the parcel desk, the cash register, the tubes, the pencil sharpener are. Explain the system of lunch hours and the importance of leaving and returning on time. (Don't forget the importance of serving a customer even after the gong for lunch hour has sounded, though! Discuss any special practice in the department, such as describing items on a salescheck—noting size, color or style of an article, for instance.

How often we see new people standing at a counter, gazing into space! Impress them with the importance of being ready and willing to show goods or help with whatever task there is to be done in the department.

Many times those who otherwise would make excellent salespeople become discouraged during their first two or three days of employment because they have not been able to get used to their work and are confused by activities all around them. The first few days are extremely difficult and call for as much assistance as possible. The extra people will appreciate it sincerely—and don't forget we all were new once ourselves, and ought to know the feeling!

—W.E.B., 156, Educational.



Competition

"The main purpose of the contest is to substantially reward merit in salesmanship." These words sum up the case for the October Sales Contest. In this spirit the competition was carried out with results that are long since generally conceded to be satisfactory.

In October the Store carried on its second annual contest—this time the organization was simplified, prize awards were differently allotted and the system of scoring radically revised.

In 1932, the object being to reward merit wherever it was to be found, the system of prize awards was planned to reach the actual sales person directly. Each and every person with a sales book competed against the field in effect, but in reality against his or her own record. As the first issue of the *House Flag* has it, each contestant was able to write his own rating on his tally. True, a premium was put upon team work, prizes were proportionate to team standing in each group but—no earnest worker was overlooked anywhere.

Prizes were cash and were awarded weekly as follows:

- 5 prizes of \$10.00 each.
- 10 prizes of \$7.50 each.
- 15 prizes of \$5.00 each.
- 10 prizes of \$3.00 each.
- 5 prizes of \$2.00 each.

In addition, \$2.00 special prizes to the number of 275 were paid during the course of the contest.

Naturally the opportunity afforded by a large prize list was seized upon by the sales staff—and interest was maintained until the last day because no individual's hope was hopeless until the last tally was rung up.

The purpose of these competitions is two fold and the results are manifold.

Reward for merit acts on the recipient in at least two ways. In the first place it encourages to further effort. Secondly, and this is, perhaps, even more important, it develops the realization that merit does not go unnoticed. All too often in times of rush and stress the feeling arises that, "nobody knows I work here." It's a natural feeling born of fatigue and monotony. The distinction of prize

winning is an antidote to all such feeling and results in consequent improvement of morale.

Undoubtedly the keen competition of a contest results in increased business. It could hardly be otherwise. The most efficient sales force in the world goes stale at times—and staleness is measured in the tally. A fresh interest arises—selling becomes for a time not a job but a game. There's a natural stimulation of alertness, a quickening of interest that cannot fail to infect the customer across the counter.

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)

Soft Strains from The Golfers' Dinner—

The Lost Ball

(With Apologies to Sullivan's
"The Lost Chord")

Standing one day on the first tee,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And I looked up and down the fairway
Facing a twenty-mile breeze.
My stance I then perfected,
And slowly addressed the pill,
Then I struck that ball so sweetly
I can hear the echo still.

It left my steel-shafted driver
Like an arrow from a bow,
No trace of a slice was in there,
Not too high and not too low.
It just sailed on and onward,
Until it was lost to view,
Then it vanished into the heavens,
'Came a part of the azure blue.

I stood there in exultation,
My soul shouting "Fore!"
When I spied a-down the fairway
Some eagles by the score.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That "Silver King" of mine,
Which came from the bag of a golfer,
And entered into thine.

It may be that some darned caddie
Was hiding behind a rock,
Or it may be that Harry Greenwood
Has put it back into stock.
It may be that Sad Sam Cowley
Just picked it up for fun,
Or it may be it rolled in the hole,
One Grand, Glorious Hole-in-One.

—G. DOUGLAS

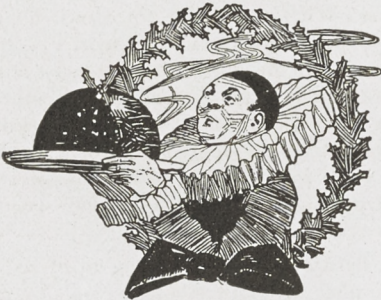


"Proof of the Pudding..."



Oyster soup, turkey, plum pudding and mince tarts—each one is essential as the other in that gorgeous gorge known as Christmas dinner!

To many "the proof of the pudding" lies in the eating alone, but not so with that busy band of workers in the Domestic Science Kitchen. From the very first days of December till the world metaphorically "rings out the old, rings in the new," they continually are surrounded with concrete proof of the making, baking and merchandising of this piece de resistance of the feast.



In days of old, when knights were bold—not merely bored—efficient housewives proudly superintended the mixing of a mammoth plum pudding. When it was ready to be "put in a bag, tied up with a string," each member of the family stirred it for luck, and wished a heartfelt wish as he stirred. The old order is changing, though, and nowadays we find modern housewives more willing to leave these details to us. True, there still are a few who insist upon charms in their pudding, and these we strive to please with a penny for the poor man, a dime for the rich man, a horseshoe for luck and a button meant for the bachelor. Our records prove beyond a doubt the growing popularity of "ready-made" puddings. In the last four years, our output of this particular article has increased over 100 per cent—each year contributing its own particular leap in the steady crescendo.

One may feel that commercializing the plum pudding has taken away some of its romantic flavor, but that is not so. When the season arrives, we are steeped in a spicily savored atmosphere of freshly cut peel and fruit, cinnamon, nutmeg and molasses. Add to this the strain of carols floating in from the Music Department, and you have the festive surroundings wherein our puddings are evolved.

The mixing in itself is quite an accomplishment, though not to be associated with the gentler arts. Let us recommend it to the ladies who live on salads with a hope of crawling through keyholes in years to come! After mixing, the puddings are weighed, placed in neat colored bowls, securely covered with heavy, waxed brown paper. They then are entrusted to the tender mercies of a Night Man—the Knight Errant's modern version. He, in turn, is responsible for their steaming, which is done in the reliable pressure steamers of our Fifth Floor kitchens. When the puddings return to us (or we to them, for they always are waiting for us in the morning) the browned wax paper is removed—all traces of "suet" exuberance removed, and the bowls dressed for the counter.

The puddings are protected by a fresh layer of waxed paper, and further embellished with holly and poinsettia-patterned cellophane. Brightly colored tapes are tied about them, and the picture is complete. All that remains is to label them for price and weight, take them to counters where they await, in neat array, the holiday shopper.

That's how it is done. We like to have their flavor appreciated, their smart appearance admired; but meanwhile, please don't forget the girls who cut the peel and chopped the suet. They are entitled to no small measure of applause.

Among the Sportsmen

The Eaton Golf Club Annual Banquet and Prize Giving

Blow the cornet, twang the lyre,
Raise your tuneful voices
At the festive table
Pass the victuals round.

This is an occasion great
When each one rejoices,
And strives to show he does rejoice
By making lots of sound.

The rhymester who wrote this verse well might have been a visitor at the Eaton Golf Club banquet which was held in Columbus Hall on Wednesday, November 2nd. For not only were there victuals and music, but lots of sound. Eaton get-together functions unearth much talent from various sources, and this, coupled with the good sportsmanship of the average golfer, made the event an exceptionally pleasant one.

The orchestra, under the baton of Mr. F. Stanfield of Dept. 54, was distinctly and wonderfully different. The martial music played, effectively drowning the consumption of "Water Hole" soup, and helping the digestion of "Fairway" chicken pie, "Sliced and Hooked" potatoes. A notable item rendered by the harmonious ones was "Home Sweet Home" as the leader conceived it would be played by various nations. We take off our hats to Mr. Stanfield and his boys.

Mr. B. C. Scrivener is too well known as a finished master of ceremonies to need more than passing reference. In this particular we have pleasure in noting that the programme was put over with neatness and despatch—no hold ups, no hitches. It appears that in discussing the menu

with Mr. Elders, who catered, Mr. Scrivener insisted that there should be pie. Pie with ice cream on top, and a generous helping. With this in mind, some wag sent to his place a piece of pie big as a dinner plate, with a lump of plaster-of-paris ice cream almost as big as the pie.

It takes a mighty good singer to interest an audience of men, and in selecting George Douglas of the C.O.D. Office, the committee scored a hole in one. With wonderful voice and engaging personality, George scored a big success in his songs, particularly with his own parody (reproduced elsewhere in this issue) of "The Lost Chord." Norman Hall, Dept. 1208, recited ably, giving, among other pieces, one of Dr. Drummond's French-Canadian poems in true habitant dialect.

Before the presentation of prizes, a number of pictures consisting of cartoons and photos of the players were thrown by stereopticon on the screen. The cameraman usually takes in the annual tournament at Elmhurst, with more or less surprising results.

The prizes were presented to the winners in various classes by Mr. S. Wilson, who, in a brief but piquant speech, congratulated the recipients. Humorously mixing up the player's department number with his score, he was not impressed with Joe Palmer's 222 nor Stan Matthias' 216; but, correcting this error, was not at all surprised that Mr. J. Stewart had won the hidden hole trophy. As Mr. Wilson said, why shouldn't he?

Some bright comments by Mr. Wish Houston brought to a close a very pleasant and profitable evening. The secretary, Mr. Stan Carter, is to be congratulated on the arrangements, which were eminently satisfactory.

—W.G.



See them smiling! A group of teams, beginners and officials snapped at the opening basketball matches.

The Eaton Girls' Basketball League

November 7th saw the Basketball League's opening matches, Mr. Scrivener there to toss the first ball, Mr. Weston, of 206, with camera and flash-light, boy friends in the balcony, and our first attempt at being a sporting editor. We sat beside Mr. Cameron, the official timekeeper, admired the little obligatos he played on his whistle, and felt dazed at the change basketball has undergone since the middy-and-bloomer days of girls' rules.

One look at the teams showed lots of reasons (see picture, above) why Mr. Sinclair was loath to leave this job. Our mind strayed to backstage scenes of the ballet till the whistle blew, and then things were more like Madison Square Garden.

Rogues and Ramblers took the court first. Mr. Scrivener tossed the ball, and Rose Hollins, with a deft swat, hit him with it. Apologies. Then "Smoky" Phillips of the Toilers, who refereed for the evening, started the game again. Agnes McCafferey of the Ramblers was responsible for the season's first basket, and Florence Musgrove scored the Rogue's premiere. The game resulted in victory for the Ramblers, 21-8, and was punctuated by a good many tumbles. Our heart goes out to the Rambler who made a three-point landing (chin and two elbows) on the floor at our feet. She didn't seem to mind it—not much.

Then the tall Summerettes and the Orioles had a tussle, the former win-

ning 29-12. We were particularly impressed by the ease with which Madge McAlpine nicks the ball into the basket on free throws—one of which was the first score of the second game. B. Campbell drew first blood for the Orioles shortly after.

At the end of the evening, beginners romped on for a friendly scrimmage. That "Y" gym is a grand place for the games. It would be fun to arrive really early some time, and take a shin up the swinging ladder or a couple of pendulums on the rings. And we are more than willing to watch basketball, as those damsels play it, any evening we're asked.

Summaries of the games are as follows:

1. Ramblers defeated Rogues, 21-8.

Ramblers—I. McKinnon, 2; B. Braid; C. Feison; Agnes McCafferey, 2; N. Davidson, 6; T. Wallace, 5; J. Bjerke, 4; Anne McCafferey, 2. Total, 21.

Rogues—O. Doughty; F. Musgrove, 3; R. Hollins; M. Sanders, 1; W. Porter, 4; P. Park; A. Hamilton; E. Hems-worth; M. Caldwell; E. McConaghey. Total, 8.

2. Summerettes defeated Orioles, 29 to 12. Madge McAlpine collecting over half the winners' points.

Summerettes—M. Marceil; O. McKay; E. Turner, 6; M. Matthew; M. McAlpine, 15; M. Oliver, 8; M. Lumsden; M. Marshall. Total, 29.

Orioles—L. Devlin, 7; T. Davis; E. McLay; B. Campbell, 3; E. Lindsay, 2; A. Campbell; B. Bartlett. Total, 12.

Referee: Lauder Phillips.

Curling News

Curling activities commenced some two or three weeks ago, when the powers that be went into a huddle for half an hour or so in the Mail Order Time Office and directly announced that open season was on for about 26 rinks, curling in three groups: The Receiving Room, City and the Printers. Ice arrangements have been completed with the Granite Club, and the boys are sitting back waiting for the good word that ice is ready. Dame Rumor, busy as always, says Dunc Matheson has issued orders that none of Jack Smith's paint splashers are allowed in the blacksmith shop, at least not until after the first blood has been drawn and a new box of chalk obtained. Of course Neil Sutherland probably will be Dunc's standing alibi all season, and if they can trim Smithy (either one), happy days will certainly be here again.

Active management of the big Boot and Shoe rink has been changed. Gordon Angus has obtained a controlling interest in this rink, with the result that our genial president, Mr. Houston, will have to sweep a little more and throw a third pair of rocks. None other than Charlie Douglas will handle the guiding broom on this rink. We are informed that Charlie is in wonderful form and all set to cop the McGee Cup with this rink of stalwarts. Jimmy Bloomer has signed up a dark horse and contends that a battle will be put up to make it three in a row. It is reported that the Drug Department liked the looks of last year's prizes and have signed up Doug Sturgeon to guide them in that direction.

No doubt many surprises are to be sprung this season. With names such as Joe Sampson, Chester and a few others being mentioned, the Granite Rink will look like old times with only Ferby Milne and Tommy Swann among the missing. At any rate pictures of the opening night are promised, so be on the look-out!

The Eaton Badminton Club

This new sporting venture is away to a flying start. Membership, limited to forty, filled all too soon; that ex-champion, 222's John Moss, was elected president; Miss M. Brown of 218, vice-president; Miss Rose Hollins, Superintendent's Office, secretary-treasurer; M. MacKinnon, 172, and W. H. Aseltine, 222, committee.

The Assembly Hall of Ruperts Land College has been obtained for Tuesday and Thursday evenings from six to ten o'clock throughout the season, and gentlemen players will please remember where they are and control language.

Tuesday, November 8th, saw a large and enthusiastic attendance, many playing for the first time. Weird and wonderful were some of the games on that occasion, but everybody was keen, interested, and the president says his practiced eye can detect an improvement in the standard of play already.

It is hoped that later a handicap tournament may be arranged, when players will have a chance to show their mettle in spirited competition.

The Softball League's Wind-up Dance

Soft lights and sweet music—just a little party girl, we are, and October 21st was an important evening in our calendar. There was a slick floor, an atmosphere of gaiety. Right in front of Roseland's nice hot orchestra stood a table full of parcels—prizes, no less, and right in front of the prizes was a floor full of Eaton athletes looking smart in their best suits and brightest dresses. And *how* they can dance!

We saw *Contacts'* ex-editor there, accompanied by Mrs. Sinclair, and at 10 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Scrivener, who had consented to present the cups and prizes, arrived. They carried out their duties amid much hilarity, and afterwards Mrs. Scrivener was thanked

CONTACTS

with a very lovely bouquet which Florence Musgrove gave her on behalf of the league. Then three cheers were given for her and Mr. Scrivener, and packages were opened excitedly. *Contacts* tried peering over shoulders to see what had been won, and Foster Johnson came to our rescue with information that the men had windbreaker jackets, each of the girls a handbag or leather coat. We are considering going in for softball ourselves next season.

Members of the winning teams were:

MEN'S "A" DIVISION—CUBS

Dept.	Dept.
G. Benner.....151	M. Heidrick.....229
G. Blockley.....130	S. Mathias.....216
W. Boles.....L.A.	J. Moore.....130
W. Creak.....144	J. Sculthorp.....130
H. Dale.....151	J. Smith.....130
J. Davies.....106	E. Wild.....127
W. Evans.....129	W. Wilkinson.....229
G. Firth.....214	

MEN'S "B" DIVISION—PRINTERS

J. Anderson.....1203	W. Montford.....1203
W. Boutillier.....1203	B. Moody.....1203
F. Cam.....1203	W. Miller.....1203
F. Cameron.....1203	M. Ringland.....1203
H. Chatterson.....1203	H. Sinclair.....1203
A. Ferguson.....1203	J. Sinclair.....1203
P. Heiland.....1203	J. Trudeau.....1203
G. Matthews.....1203	

GIRLS' "A" DIVISION—SUMMERETTES

D. Bale.....222	L. Mansfield.....147
M. Braine.....234	E. Marshall.....268
B. Bromley.....147	M. McAlpine.....104
A. Edgar.....104	L. Morton.....147
A. Forbes.....268	O. Pateman.....1206
J. Irvine.....213	L. Scullian.....152
K. Knight.....228	B. Taverner.....147
L. Little.....247	

GIRLS' "B" DIVISION—ORIOLES

J. Arthur.....268	M. Crawley.....41
A. Bell.....268	E. Ramsay.....268
W. Bullock.....253	I. Ross.....268
A. Campbell.....253	E. Thompson.....105
B. Campbell.....268	V. Tomlinson.....253
E. Campbell.....20	H. Wennberg.....5

GIRLS' "C" DIVISION—ELITES

I. Caners.....122	O. Johnson.....122
M. Duguid.....122	O. Jones.....206
F. Hiron.....1206	P. Ladd.....122
D. Helgason.....122	E. Miller.....122
J. Johnson.....122	P. Thomas.....122

ROAD RACE

Mr. Thorogood—1st.....	Dept. 230
Mr. Caldwell—2nd.....	Dept. 107
Mr. W. Nixon—3rd.....	Dept. 41

Five-Pin Bowling News

The league is still hammering away every Tuesday night at the Bowldrome, each team doing its best to reach top place. Now that the half of the first series is over, it still would be impossible to say who will finish on top, as upsets are experienced each night of play.

Perhaps you don't know, but five-pin bowling is one game that is never wise to bet on; the unexpected often happens; consistency is a word this game doesn't know. Look through the score sheets for three games and the chances are you will find scores like this: 187, 324, 97; and team scores of 750, 1137, 920. However, like the depression, we still stay at it, making the best of it.

Eaton's league is well known for its sportsmanship, and no matter how far down the league a team may be, it still continues battling and fighting to the bitter end.

SPLITS AND STRIKES

Captain Smallwood of the Olympics put over a big deal last week in purchasing Perc Longstaffe from one of the major leagues. The purchase price was not disclosed, but we understand it ran into the thousands. No players figured in the transfer, but if some of them don't improve soon she threatens to send them back to the bush league. * * *

We hear Len Ringrose also was on the market for a new player and succeeded in procuring a high-class bowler. Looks like Len intends bolstering up the old team.

* * *

Bob Clark, of the Phorpyns, farmed Bill Dickie out for seasoning, and here's a secret only known to the medical profession and Dickie. They have developed a shot in the arm which guarantees you a 200 game any time. If you don't believe us, see Bill, also his scores since taking this dope.

* * *

Geo. Latimer says if his team doesn't soon do something to get going he is going to quit and join the male voice choir. We entreat Miss Meharry and the gang to save us from this threat.

* * *

Our secretaries, Bill Patton and Geo. Johnson, have received advice from the highest authority and wish to bring it to the attention of all players, especially the ladies, "that unspoken words, such as d—— it, when you get a head pin, are marked down against you just the same as if spoken out loud."

Eatonia Five-Pin League Standing—

November 17th, 1932.

DIVISION "A"

Lucky Strikes	17	10
Ramblers	17	10
Ringers	14	13
Olympics	13	14
Set Ups.....	13	14
Hi Jackers	12	15
Snappies	11	16
Phorpyns	11	16

Ladies' High Single—Miss Watson, 320; with handicap, 344.

Ladies' High Three—Miss Shea, 738; with handicap, 800.

Men's High Single — Mr. Dickie, 352; with handicap, 368.

Men's High Three—Mr. Scott, 829; with handicap, 826.

DIVISION "B"

Strike Outs.....	16	11
Wadlers	16	11
Tornadoes	15	12
Troubadours	15	12
Head Pins.....	14	13
Scraps	11	16
Plungers	11	16
Dandies	10	17

Ladies' High Single—Miss Brooks, 313; with handicap, 325.

Ladies' High Three—Miss Davey, 705; with handicap, 804.

Men's High Single—Mr. Liver, 321; with handicap, 344.

Men's High Three—Mr. Liver, 735; with handicap, 804.

The Ladies' Gym Club

The day is Thursday, the hour six o'clock, the place Eaton's Employees' Cafeteria. Chairs and tables are piled about the room, one or two would-be gymnasts romping, while giggles and

conversation come from the girls' room nearby. Promptly at six, Mr. Brooks arrives, with Bill, the pianist, in his wake. (It is impossible to discover his surname. Evidently he prefers to be—just Bill.)

Then the class comes rushing out in cute little shirts and shorts and sneakers. Mr. Brooks, very efficiently, lines them up, but two or three try standing on the same spot, which complicates matters. Mr. Brooks straightens things out. Laughter.

For a start, the class is drawn up in rows of six, properly spaced. Then, following the instructor's voice and movements, they go through exercises designed to relax every muscle—Bill, at the piano, changing his rhythm to suit each "physical jerk." Then they march and countermarch, after which a brief rest period is called. With his pupils sitting on the floor, Mr. Brooks, perched on one of the tables, gives a concise, informal talk on physical culture and allied subjects, such as games or first aid. Then, more physical jerks—robust ones, this time, designed to build up muscles and roll off avoirdupois. There are kicks and bends and bounces—everybody working hard, with not a little mirth at some attempts. They run, till everybody's all of a puff-pant, and they finish up with a game.

Altogether, the club is one of the most enthusiastic imaginable. The members are completely unselfconscious, some of them very graceful and all of them jolly. Their instructor has been well chosen. He is no martinet, but suits his exercises to his class requirements, injects a bit of humor here and there, and gets excellent results.

The club has between forty and fifty members—but there's still room for a few more, and anybody suffering from lack of pep or a tendency to melancholia is hereby advised to join the Thursday jerkers and snap out of the doldrums.

The club officials are: Miss L. James, 229, chairman; Miss M. Pincox, 1201, secretary; Miss R. Spurway, 212, treasurer.

Santa Scores Big Success!



Intrigued by the storybook floats in the Mail Order building, the costume painting carried on at the back of the Second Floor, the increasing harassment of City Ad's Mr. Hurlburt, we determined that this year our youth should be renewed by a good look at the Santa Claus' Parade.

The day was cold, and we shiveringly wormed our way to the curb at Broadway and Hargrave, surrounded by some of Winnipeg's more cynical youngsters. There was a long wait; and during that time fathers, mothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, grandmas and nursemaids brought more and more children to the scene, milling about to secure a good place. There were babies in arms and babies in carriages. Four-year-olds trailed after six-year-olds, who clutched ten-year-olds. And ten-year-olds carried two-year-olds. Wobbly toddlers tugged at overcoat hems, demanding to be carried. Dear little boys stuffed snow down each other's neck and yelled like Comanche Indians. But the faint putt-putt of an approaching motor-cycle stilled the noise to a low, excited murmur. . . "It's coming! . . . No, it isn't. . . Yes, it is! Look! You can see it!" and the sound rose higher and fuller, till, as the police escort passed, it swelled into a youthful cheer.

There were approximately 400 people in the parade when it started, but the numbers had doubled by the time it reached the home stretch. Children romped in and out among the clown bands, ran along with one hand clutching "Nozark." They cried, "Hello, Bunny!" to Peter Rabbit as he stalked along, peeked through the laughing mouths of giant vegetables, and generally gloried in the whole affair—making it no easier for the procession to wend its way. The Caterpillar paused just in front of us, and we noted that

1/11 of it was wearing spats. . . that an Indian squaw had a St. John's sweater under her buckskin *robe de style*. . . . that the elephant had become something of a dromedary, as the hind legs stood upright, in hump effect. But the children didn't notice such details. To them, the parade has Garbo whipped six ways when it comes to glamour.

Many a grown-up is carried away by its charm, too.

"Those are genuine Indians, dear," said a credulous mamma. "Specially imported."

But "dear" was looking at the Highlanders' undraped knees.

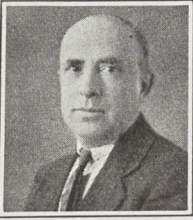
"Gee, Ma, when can I wear socks again, Ma?" he asked—and paid absolutely no attention to the reply, as Santa was in sight by that time.

The bouncy old lamb was rosy and circular as ever, waving and smiling as he enjoyed a marvellous ovation from his excited young public. Behind his triumphal car the road was packed with youngsters for more than half a block. Our sceptical friends joined the throng, completely won by his infectious laughter. And not only children were delighted.

A tiny girl cried, "Mummy! Mummy! He waved at me, he did!" And Mummy, just as thrilled, waved right back at Santa.

Up and down the street were smiles—numb fingers and toes forgotten—and a good many worries shelved for the nonce. The parade, like Christmas, comes but once a year, and in its course does a world of good. Eyes brighten as they see it—hearts are lighter. Sure, there's a Santa Claus! He's the jolly old spirit that makes us see the pleasant things in life—it takes something very special, like the parade, to do that nowadays. More credit to the people who plan it—who work on the floats and figures—and trudge its lengthy route.

The Quarter-Century Club Welcomes—



Mr. Joseph Wm. Green, Dept. 227 (Picture Framing Workroom). Twenty-five years ago last 12th of November, this native of Montreal came to the Store. He must have been extremely youthful at the time, if present appearances count for anything—and he started in 227, where he still is!

Working and playing, he has made many good friends throughout the Store; and in athletic moments goes five-pin bowling with Bob Clark's team—the "Phorpyns."

He is married, and has two sons.

Mr. Cyril Lancaster, Dept. 1209 (Jewelry Workroom). November 14th saw the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Lancaster's start in Eaton's. He mastered the intricacies of jewelry engraving in his father's factory (though he says one never really completely masters them—there's always something new to learn or discover). Leaving his home town of Birmingham, England, he came to Winnipeg, and after a short time, went into business for himself, coming to Eaton's when Dept. 1209 was opened.

He is married, likes to garden, likes to play chess, and still finds fascination in his work. We asked if he had planned to do a specially fine job on that quarter-century timepiece of his, and he told us that, although he does very little engraving for himself (never seems to think of it, somehow), that monogram promises to be an exception!



Mr. James S. Best, Dept. 6 (Mail Order Drugs). On November 25th, 1907, Mr. "Jimmy" Best, of Palmerston (a dot on the map of Ontario), came to Eaton's, Winnipeg. He was a recent graduate of the University of Toronto, fresh from triumphs in the Ontario Hockey League, and had a fun-loving twinkle in his eye.

As dispenser in 206, he speedily earned the title "Doc," proving an able substitute for our present hospital staff in those bygone ages. Later, when the Mail Order started, he was moved to Dept. 6, which he heads today.

Hockey, in the passing years, has given place to curling and lawn bowling. He is married, has four sons and a daughter. And the twinkle that made him a moving spirit of Store pranks two decades ago still persists, witness to the many pleasant associations those twenty-five years have brought.

Completes Forty Years' Service—

To Miss Eleanor Beckett, of the Head Cashier's Office, we extend our hearty congratulations on having completed forty years of *continual service* on November 24th. As we go to press the Quarter Century Club murmurs of a plan, but refuses to give details. More of this next month!

Dear Santa Claus—

We are just a little editor, and hope we have been good this year. Our stocking will hang in its usual place, and, while we still hanker for a Shetland pony, we wish you please would send us a good supply of alertness, inspiration—and more contributors like those we've met this month!

Affectionately, F.M.D.



What Shall I Read?

With the arrival of winter evenings, one's mind turns with anticipation toward the prospect of new books. Fire-light, an easy chair, an apple and a book! Then, too, Christmas looms large on the horizon, lending an added purpose when one glances at the splendid array of recent publications and handsome editions of older ones.

Outstanding in the realm of fiction is Ann Bridge's *Peking Picnic*, winner of the Atlantic Monthly's novel prize, and the only novel except *Jalna* to receive this distinction. A story of legation life in China, it portrays a group of sophisticated people, English, French and American, contrasting with keen insight their reactions to conditions in China, and reveals sensitive understanding of the Orient. The situation is arresting. Nina Neville and Laura LeRoy arrange a week-end picnic party, proceeding by motor to the vicinity of a Chinese temple near Peking. The party is captured by bandits! This is a thrilling adventure and a contemplative story that you'll read more than once.

E. Phillips Oppenheim has produced for our pleasure another of his inimitable diplomatic mysteries. A young American diplomat undertakes to smuggle *The Ostrekoff Jewels* out of Russia during the Great War, after their owners have been condemned to death, the gems declared confiscate. Tense with excitement, you'll follow every inch of Wilfred Haven's extraordinary journey!

In *Golden Horn*, F. Yeats-Brown, of Bengal Lancer fame, tells of internal political upheavals in Turkey, "Sick Man of Europe," from 1908-1918. His own experiences as prisoner of war are recounted in vivid style against a background of barbaric splendor and stark tragedy, alleviated by a constant sense of humor.

Those among us specially interested in sacred subjects will be impressed by

John Oxenham's story of Christ's active ministry—*The Master's Golden Years*. The ever-popular E. Stanley Jones also appears again. In *The Christ of The Mount* he applies that famous sermon to the conditions of our everyday life.

For boys' and girls' winter reading, the Rainbow Series will be hailed with joy. The type is large and easy to read, there are glorious, full-page colored illustrations, and children's classics to choose from—including *Heidi*, *Robin Hood*, *Arabian Nights*.

Very small people will love *Michael Who Got Lost* and *Angus and The Ducks*, provided they can pry them away from their parents. The text is quaint—the pictures fascinating—appealing for grown-ups as for youngsters.

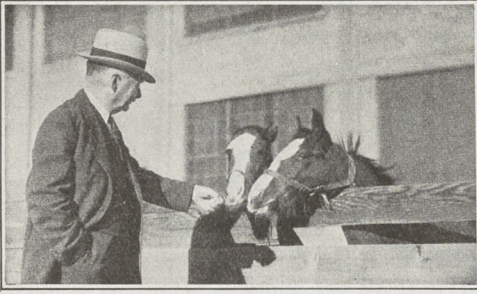
—J.M.F., 212

Lave it to Mr. Mitten! Here be is, smiling before a great bag of ducks, all unconscious of danger lurking around five-strand barbed wire fences to be encountered chicken shooting. We quote part of a ballad in the grand manner on this subject:

*"Three wires he climbed quite easily,
Then, grasping branch of tree
He went to mount the fourth wire—
But look, what do we see?*

*The branch is lying broken,
And Joe is held intact,
Suspended in the ether,
By trousers, where they're slack.*





Here we have Mr. Newman giving the stable infants a treat. Left to right, the picture shows: Mr. Newman, a lump of sugar, Frankie and Johnny. Frankie seems to have a mouthful, so it's probably John's turn.

Our Willing Horses

It is difficult, in this hard-boiled modern age, to write of the Eaton stables without waxing sentimental. Their fine tradition, so firmly held, is an inspiration; and the delivery fleet (now expanded to eleven times the original size) shows, in its smooth, unhurried efficiency, that the old, proved friendship between man and horse still holds, even in today's business world.

Cross the threshold of that four-storey brick building, and you enter a place apart from the day's hurly-burly. Enormous draft horses, sleek standard-breds and hackneys stand in comfortable stalls. . . a blacksmith's hammer rings from an upper floor, busy at the incessant task of keeping over 150 horses properly shod. . . . Peggy, the black-and-white carriage dog, thrusts her cold nose affectionately in your hand. . . a calm grey mare, just unharnessed, walks by herself up the sawdust-covered runway parallelling the stair, unhesitatingly chooses her own stall, and settles down to a peaceful dinner. Here, men have not forgotten how to appreciate and care for honest beasts; and here is complete content, bred of clean, warm stalls and ample rations at the end of a good day's work.

There always are some horses in stable, as most routes have two—one for the morning and one for the afternoon delivery. They are mannerly, exquisitely groomed, but you turn, perforce, to admire the smoothly organized stables that tend them so well. One room is motor-equipped for clipping; wagons are repainted in a shop

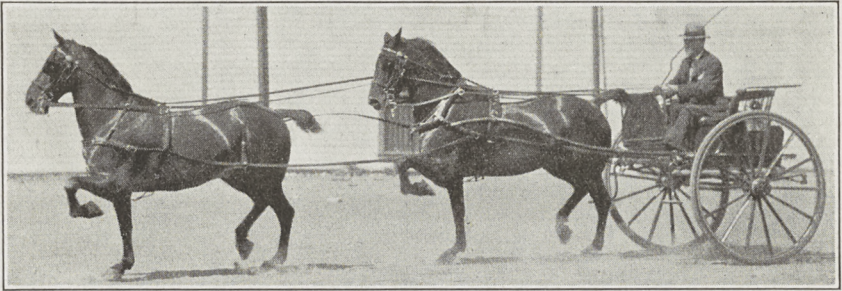
with special ventilators that draw paint fumes out and suck fresh air into the place. There is a big chopper for feed, an electrically heated kettle for preparing mash; bale upon bale of fragrant timothy and alfalfa (over a ton is consumed each day), and a huge top room so full of oats one must climb a ladder to look inside. The staff's recreation room is hung with service pictures, panelled with hundreds of ribbons the horses have brought home from fairs and shows. There is a smithy, and an efficient veterinary hospital, which seldom is needed. In the tailor shop, nimble fingers turn from uniform repairs to put a stitch in equine overcoats, for days are growing colder, and every driver carries a horse blanket in winter weather. Just outside the building, two spring colts and an older one (all born into the Company), kick cheerful heels in a paddock.

Every day Mr. Newman comes to visit them. Cars may come and cars may go, but automobiles never will replace the horse in that heart of his, as every pony seems to realize. The leggy babies follow him, heads above the paddock fence, as far as possible; and a chorus of nickers greets him as he walks in the stable door. Foreheads are scratched, noses patted, sugar distributed. He wallops a tremendous flank and, instead of kicking out with pieplate, whiskered hoofs, the flank's owner looks round with a pleased expression and waits hopefully for another whack. Bangs like that are caresses for critters his size, and they like them.

CONTACTS

For thirty-nine years Mr. Newman has worked with Eaton's horses. Surrounding the thirty-five-year certificate that adorns his office wall hang Quarter-Century Club certificates belonging to Messrs. Herbert Steen (thirty-one years), Duncan Matheson (twenty-seven years), George Corns and Matthew Mawson (twenty-six years). The men who train and care for our horses are no novices, and one glance at a delivery starting out will prove as much. With tossing manes,

gleaming coats, that prancing cavalcade makes the street ring to hammer, hammer, hammer of well-shod, polished hoofs. Prize-winning hackneys step high, wide and handsome; big Percherons are just as smart. The splendid animals are properly kept, and they know it. They seem proud of being Eaton horses, and show their appreciation by pulling away with a will. Which shows that in addition to equine strength and beauty they have that other important feature—horse sense.



Mr. Arthur Bailey puts Gay Lass and Henry through their paces. There's teamwork for you!

DRAMA IN OUR LIVES

The Eaton Dramatic Club soon will hold its first meeting to appoint officers and make definite plans, so start thinking about scripts and sets, all you forty Eaton dramats!

On October 29th, the Store entertained at luncheon some fifty members of out-of-town dramatic clubs—visiting Winnipeg for the Drama League Tournament. Prof. Jones, the League's president, thanked us in a brief, humorous speech; and Mr. Scrivener replied on behalf of Eaton's. The Board Room looked charming; Mr. Elder's department excelled itself, and everybody had a very pleasant time.

The Kiddies' Special

Saturday morning! Come, Bobbie; come, Ethel,

If you want to get down for the 8.30 Special!

And then, what a scramble, and oh, what a crush,

But isn't it fun to be in at the "Rush"?

Last time it was candies—this time—can't you guess?

It's *Hallowe'en Funnies*—a false face and whistle—

And look—gee! A pumpkin—and even a bat!

Now Monday will find us, each one, "sittin' pat."



Just hear their wee feet as they race up the stairs,

And see their eyes shine as they line up in pairs

To look at their treasures and chuckle with glee—

Oh, the fun that's derived from that very small fee! [feat

I often have wondered who started this Of giving the kiddies a Saturday Treat.

I do not just know; I cannot just say; But it looks as if Santa were still hold-

ing sway [play And asked "Mr. Eaton's" if he couldn't

The part of St. Nicholas while he was away.

—J.G.A., 223



Departmental Ditties

PIED PIPER IN DEPARTMENT 2!

With no passports and practically no welcome, some small Japanese immigrants recently appeared in Dept. 2, third floor, Mail Order, and a loud call promptly was raised for Walter Kenchington, official catcher of mice—for such were the immigrants.

Mr. Kenchington was away, so Bill Stevens heroically stepped forward and amassed a battery of 28 traps for the attack. Cheese was procured for bait, and one individual suffered greatly as a result of sampling it.

Next morning, the traps were breathlessly inspected. Mr. Stevens won the guessing contest as to the catch (having had first count of the day). There were three mice. The floor cat is still laughing.

7—

News, or what have we, seems to be out of the question altogether for this department. However, we have a few with the ambition to go in for bowling, and here's luck to them who come out on top.

May C. evidently is the only one taking up basketball. This is her third season with Eaton's league, and we wonder if all the running around isn't done to keep her girlish figure?

The bowling team of last year cannot get settled down to brass tacks at all. Every one of them seems to keep his mouth shut tight as a clam regarding news, gossip, or even scandal, so it makes it hard to dig up anything to put into print.

16, 17, 40—

We picture [top of next column] a few of the leading lights in 40—note the expressions! It is taken in the old department, just before starting work (but not on a Monday).

You should have seen the smile as Mr. Howard saw the first snow this season. We know he was thinking of



Ida Bailey, Sig Breckman, Bertha Fisher, Delcie Wilson, Ada Sinclair and Percy Smith looking pleasant for Contacts. Who wouldn't, with a place in the sun?

the big hike last year, and he's not the only one looking forward to others, so let it snow!

We all noticed we haven't heard that old saying, "Come on, girls, get on your toes!" lately. I wonder why. Perhaps we are getting good—maybe.

116, 161, 171—

Among the little tit-bits of news and questions that reach our ears, the following rather interested us and piqued our curiosity.

Speaking of hair-cuts—who are the twins on the totalling? Also we notice three lassies, no less, have left the flowing tresses group and joined "us bobbed gals" since last issue. Just what does that convey? Are they hyper-sensitive or was it purely a coincidence? But—Success, the young lady referred to last issue did get a hair-cut at last. Not as short as usual—but a lot neater looking at least.

Tell us, gal—who's or what's the heavy interest in Grand Forks? Hope you had a good time.

One young lady was overheard to remark that she had invested considerable capital in "woollies" instead of doctor bills this season. See how sensible the girl of today is getting compared to

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four or five years ago—what with “woollies,” wool scarfs, mitts, turbans, overshoes, stockings or spattees, etc.

Tell us, Helene, does it seem a terribly long wait between Montreal mails? Cheer up—summer will soon be here.

By cookie—’most forgot, A Mariage! Miss Gladys Robinson slipped the quiet little “I’ve gone and done it” over on us a couple of week-ends ago and left our ranks. Too bad—one fears one has lost the 25-cent “dare” we had on.

Just *who* owns the Joseph-like multi-colored smock? Personally, it has worried some of us for some time—for you know, girls, fun’s fun—but!

It has come to our hearing that two of the girls in 161 are interested in amateur dramatics and the annual play is to be produced soon. Several of 161’s members are looking forward with keen interest—judging from last year’s performance.

“Nuff sed.” This is station P-E-S-T now signing off! —B.B.

122A and B—

Miss Gertie deGraaf surprised us one morning lately by arriving in the department (122A) with something bright and sparkling on her finger. Congratulations, Gert! He’s a lucky chap.

Miss Gwen Clouter, 122B, has also promised to make another lucky fellow happy, and says so by the insignia on the fourth finger of her left hand.

Several ladies, to pass their time profitably this winter, have formed a sewing circle and meet at one another’s home every two weeks. Among them are Misses R. Einarson, Grace Davidson, Margaret Allen, V. McElroy, Mabel Froom and Mrs. Wright. The subjects of conversations are not for publication, but some male members of the department complain that their ears tingle on meeting nights.

On Saturday, November 5th, Mr. William Simpson, 122B, was subject to congratulations from his friends on the

occasion of his eighteenth wedding anniversary.

Miss Dorothy Grieve, a popular girl in this department, received many good wishes from her host of friends on Wednesday, November 16th—her 21st birthday. We hear that her parents, on that day, presented her with the key of the house.

159, 167, 173—

Ireland may be “the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,” but it certainly contains some remarkable recuperative qualities, for Miss Brown has returned to us after a sojourn of three months in the Emerald Isle, looking well and fit. Yet she says that Winnipeg looks good to her and she is glad to be back.

Ruby Hamilton, another traveller across the Herring Pond, found that bonnie Scotland had its drawbacks in that she could hardly understand what people were talking about. But when she came back to Winnipeg recently, we scarcely knew her for the brogue she had developed whilst holidaying in the land of oatcakes and heather.

We are glad they both enjoyed their holidays.

Miss Lucy Leslie is enjoying a few weeks’ visit in Montreal, the guest of her sister. We hope it will restore her health.

Our sympathy is extended to Miss Bell Macdonald, who has been ill for quite a long time. We hope, Bell, you will soon be feeling stronger and able to be with us again.

Mail Order Romance—It all started when 167 Department loaned Gladys to 27 Department last spring. There she met Reggie, and it was a case of love at first sight. So, on October 22nd, they were married, and we all wish them the best of luck.

In honor of Miss Gladys Cherritt, a kitchen shower was held in the Club Rooms on November 10th. Those contributing to the programme were: The Misses Flo Irwin and Nettie McDonald, who gave a duet, accompanied by Clara

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Nowell, and Miss Ruby Hamilton, who gave a wee Scotch recitation. Flo and Clara also demonstrated their idea of how the Apache dance should be done, and the girls enjoyed it immensely. We have talent in that there department!

206—

We hear that Miss Angus went to the University debate at the Auditorium and was greatly impressed with the orator from Glasgow. . . . Mary Cecilia Thomson, of the Perfumes, is showing a marked preference for Orange Blossom these days, as she is to marry Mr. Charles M. Taylor on Dec. 5th, at Victoria, B.C.

The loquacious Ernie Hawkins is hot on the scent of a movie projector sale, and we wish him every success. . . . Clarence Found, the department's Beau Brummell, has a new lady friend. . . . and, when Mr. Hunter dropped into the Saratoga Bowling Alleys casual-like one Monday night, the two Drug teams were not so hot. Evidently the managerial eye gave them stage fright.

220—

220's activities have been varied in the last month, with the Store competition, bowling, stags, etc. To wind up our rushing finish in the competition, a social evening was held at the home of R. Sims, "The Rubber King." The evening was enjoyably spent in cards, sing-songs and eats.

Either the shock of winning a prize in the competition, or the energy spent to win, cost Walter Manley a week in bed. (Not so hot, eh Walt?)

We were very sorry to lose the services of Miss Chrissi Peterson, of our Office staff, who left to take up residence in Chicago. Before leaving, the staff presented her with a travelling case in remembrance of our association. Have 220 a bowling team or have they a bowling team?—ask them. 220 entered a team in "The Retail Shoe League," as representatives of Eaton's. At the end of the first round, we are leading the league by four games. Some brilliant games of over 300 being rolled.

The staff of 220 wish to convey to James Allan and family, their deepest sympathy and regrets in their recent sad bereavement.

—McG.

224—

"Wedding bells are here again!" They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and 224 is certainly trying to prove it at the rate of the weddings around there lately. Perhaps 224 is the logical department to prove it (we wouldn't be surprised).

Miss Belle Robson of said department is to be married shortly, and on Thursday, Nov. 10th, Miss Dolly Christie entertained a number of 224's staff in her honor. The table was prettily arranged with bridal roses and white tapers. During the evening the bride-to-be, ensconced under a lovely wedding bell, was presented with a large number of gifts, including a complete set of kitchenware. The evening was "tres belle," as even Belle will agree. When she leaves, she takes with her the very best wishes of everyone in 224. Happy days, Belle!



230B—

Every eye contained that "What-will-we-do-next?" expression on Hal-low'e'n when 230B and friends met once more to produce what we consider the biggest hit ever made in the way of parties.

Never before have the Antique Tea Rooms resounded with such hilarious toots, squawks and whiz-bangs as proceeded from those quarters on that memorable occasion. Ghosts and goblins didn't seem to affect anyone as far

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as appetites were concerned, for "nary a sandwich in a carload" was left.

With Jessie Campbell in the lead and Edna Davy, Nellie Martin and Jessie Williams running a close second, a jolly crowd of fifty-five or sixty danced their way through an evening which ended all too soon. Watch for the next issue, folks, there's going to be another jamboree!

Hither and Yon—

We would like to know why our double-decker king (Wesley) never comes to our parties. When is the big event, Wesley? Are we all invited?

Under the direction of Professor W. Hodgson, the Stamping Polka is rapidly becoming popular at all our parties.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Henry Kuhn, who is wearing the proud-parent smile for the first time, and to wish him every success in his new position of night floor-walker.

Our old friend, Ann Adamson, is sporting a diamond these days. Best wishes, Ann!

268—

May we at this time congratulate Mr. J. Dunlop on his recent appointment as "Captain Jack" of the good ship "268." We are certain he will pick a clear course and steer his ship to a smooth sea. His crew are behind him, and should he ask, the reply always will be, Aye, Aye, Sir!

We all extend to Mr. South a rather belated but nevertheless sincere welcome into 268 Department as Second in Command.

Tommy Carson has been very hot these last few days, in fact he has been "boiling" over. Perhaps he has been warming up to a scheme which he has been fostering for a long, long time. Perhaps a P.T. class would be good fun—still, one can "boil" over with enthusiasm—but, as Tommy says, "there's nothing like walking to clear the system."

We are glad to have Miss McKenzie back with us once more after an absence of three weeks. Hope you will be "weel as ever," Mac, in the near future.

Bob McD. had a hard time the other morning on his way to work. Tying his shoe laces on the hop and adjusting his tie on the skip was no jumping joke. However, we trust he has learned his lesson and keeps better hours these nights.

1201—

In honor of Miss Myrtle Bowen (Mrs. E. Babbs since November 5th), a delightful shower was held in Eaton's Club Rooms, Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, by the girls of 1201 Dept.

A hard-time "wedding" preceded the presentation of gifts, after which singing and dancing was enjoyed by all, not forgetting the luncheon which was served to the 46 guests present.

Here and There—

And still the Eaton visitors arrive! Mr. Biesel, all the way from our Paris Office, very busy with fascinating new merchandise in the Fifth Floor stock-rooms; Messrs. H. D. Somerville, W. McLaren, W. R. Edward of Toronto; Mr. Noel B. Eaton of the Hamilton and Mr. F. J. Landstrom of the Montreal Factory; Mr. McKeag from Edmonton, renewing old friendships in 211 and elsewhere.

Lots of interesting sights, too—Toyland, with its action, color and excitement open again—gift circles springing up over night—the fascinating fish we wrote about in last month's discussion of the Auditorium proving most decorative among the china. Great excitement on the Third Floor when one of Miss McKenzie's lovebirds escaped up the elevator shaft. It hasn't been found yet, and the worst is feared. On the same floor we saw a parade while the House Flag competition was under way. Up the escalator the banner appeared, then the head of 245's Mr. James Patterson, carrying it just like a color-sergeant. Through the maze of counters he bore it, with purchasers of toys, fish, snacks and hardware turning to admire. Behind with equal pride and aplomb, strode Mr. Carnegie of the same department, holding the

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attendant electric fan aloft. The finishing touch would have been a fife-and-drum corps.

The stork has been busy, lately. He left baby daughters for Mr. Fred Barnsdale of 268, Mr. Fred Ellis of 2-11, and Mr. Chris Atchison of 144.

One of our society reporters brings news that Miss Chrissie Comfort, Dept. 20, entertained at a delightful Hallowe'en party. We didn't know such characters as "Nursy" Pearson, "Dumdum" Thompson, "Schnozzle" and "Legs" Comfort, "Nighty-night" and "Hoots Mon" Beck were to be found in these peaceful parts, but the reporter says they all were there and had a very gay time.

On December 23rd, Miss Clapp, erst of Western Buying, becomes Mrs. John McAdam of Arborfield. Leaving, with best wishes of her co-workers, she announced that she had willed her large collection of assorted late passes to the Time Office, so they can be added to the selection they already possess.

223 states that Nellie Stark is finding great joy and much sustenance in the waterless cooking demonstration in that department. This sounds worthy of editorial investigation.

COMPETITION (Continued from Page Eight)

The contest has paid dividends to the sales force in extra money—to the Store in increased business, and to both in a better spirit within all ranks of employees.

Based on a maximum of 100 points for a perfect sales record during the competition, the first ten places are apportioned as follows:

216-217	95%
225	91%
215-249	86%
229-253	83%
210	82%
241-244-245	75%
213	69%
204-39	67%
205 }	64%
236 }	
224 }	62%
223-233 }	

It is noteworthy that Depts. 204, 205 and 233 were of the first nine last year, and that of the others the majority were low in the scoring column a year ago. This is a situation that calls

for no comment other than this, that it illustrates two great virtues—staying power and the will and ability to improve.
—L.A.M., 136

All's Wool in Depts. 122 and 113!

As we go to press, some thirty Mail Order damsels are all tangled up in hanks and skeins of wool. They are the Ghandi Spinning Club, in earnest competition for three prizes offered for cushion tops (Fern Thomas' masterpiece, we understand, is a blanket for her pony) made in a brand new way. Bertha Strand started it when she brought a beautiful sample top for her friends to admire one day. They became so enthusiastic about it that she was swamped with enquiries as to how the work was done, and that led to the club's formation.

Equipment consists of an 18-inch square of wood, seventy-two shingle nails and six balls of wool (the ten-cents-a-ball kind is specified in the competition). No previous experience is required; the work is easy on the feet and not hard on the eyes.

The official instructors are Dorothy Grieve and Miss Strand, with Leonard Patterson (who took the sample home for study) their self-installed assistant.

Look for the winners in next month's *Contacts*!

116's DEPARTMENT SPIRIT

- D—stands for Duty, reports all on time.
- E—stands for Eagerness, quite easy to define.
- P—stands for Pace, it's a quick one, I mean.
- A—stands for Action, no sleepers are seen.
- R—stands for Readiness, no matter when called.
- T—stands for Tact, that is shown in them all.
- M—stands for Merit, they gain every day.
- E—stands for Effort, they're ready to display.
- N—stands for Neatness, their first and last thought.
- T—stands for True Blue—tell us if they're not!





